

A rectangular orange label is centered on a light-colored, textured background. The label has a decorative border consisting of a series of small, dark, repeating patterns. The text "JUVENILE STORY BOOK." is printed in a bold, black, serif font, centered within the label. There are some dark spots and smudges on the background, particularly around the label and below it.

**JUVENILE STORY BOOK.**

*Ex Libris*  
ELVAH KARSHNER

CHILDREN'S BOOK  
COLLECTION



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UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA  
LOS ANGELES

This book was mostly  
written while I was an ap-  
prentice.

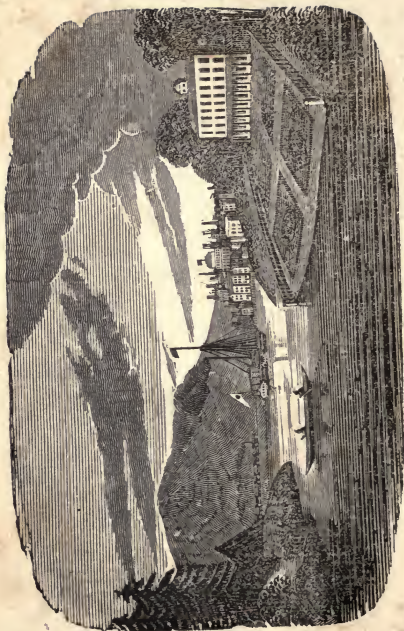
A. C. Colburn.

From my dear mother

My dear mother I have written

to you a few lines





# JUVENILE STORY BOOK.

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BY D. C. COLESWORTHY,  
Editor of the 'Sabbath School Instructor.'

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### CAPTAIN HARRY.

When Harry was young, he was always talking about training. He thought of but little else. When he went into a book-store he would inquire for those books which contained pictures of companies on the march, or men dressed in uniform. 'When I become a man,' said he, 'I mean to train; I'll be a captain.' Sometimes he would gather a number of his associates into a company and march them about the village, in all the pride of a mighty conqueror. His looks — his actions told the deep, proud feelings of his soul. It was his element to be parading thus, and it was laugable to hear with how much authority he spoke, 'Attention!' 'March!' 'Halt!' &c. It was almost impos-

sible to get Harry to study ; he thought of but little else than training. He would sometimes draw a belt around him, with a borrowed sword,



and stand for hours before the glass to see what a noble officer he made. Poor boy ! If his parents had but checked the first buddings of pride in their son, his course in life would have been happier and his end different. But instead of telling him of the folly of training and military show, they fostered his mad purpose, by telling

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him how smart he looked, and what a cute officer he made. They would sit for hours at the open window to watch the grand appearance of Harry. Things went on quite well with the little soldier, until he was nearly grown to manhood, when he was summoned to appear as a private in a military ward company. This he did not like very well; for he thought he ought to have been appointed captain immediately. But he determined nevertheless to train as a common soldier for a little while, with the hope that he should soon be elected to some high office. He was not disappointed. Before a great while votes were cast for a new captain, and Harry was the candidate, and Harry, proud Harry was elected. 'Hurra for Harry! Hurra for Harry!' resounded through the village, as he passed to his home. Now to relate his feelings at this time would be impossible; he was a lump of self-importance, and nothing else. He could

not perform his ordinary business. Everywhere he went, he met one of his soldiers to whom he gave a glass of spirits; neglecting not to drink himself — and once or twice he was seen intoxicated.

In a little while his company was ordered out, and captain Harry, with his fifty dollar suit, might be seen parading the village streets with his disorderly men. There was nothing like it. He had arrived, in his own estimation, to the acme of glory. That day it cost him no less than five and twenty dollars to give a colation to his men. But where was Harry to get all his money, now he was captain, and neglected his business? Borrow it. This he could not always do. In a short time he owed more than he was able to pay — it worried him — he had learned to sip the wine glass, and here he resorted to drown his unhappy feelings. Now the proud gallant officer was daily seen

staggering along the streets — and all for honor and glory. He had sold himself for pride and office — but oh! the bitter fruits. Harry went from bad to worse. He would not hearken to the kind entreaties of friends, nor the remonstrances of parents; but he persevered in his downward course — and where is he? For



years he did nothing but torment those who interested themselves in his behalf, and was

at last carried to the poor house to drag out his existence with the most miserable of the human species. Thus was extinguished the blaze of glory which filled the horizon of Harry's early days. Thus slumbered his mad ambition. Thousands have been ruined in the same way. They have looked for happiness and support in the dazzling honors of men; and when too late they have perceived they were grasping at a bubble.

My advice is — never put on a military coat — never take up a sword — unless compelled to. Always get clear of training when you can. It does no good at all. It merely fosters the pride of a few office seekers, whose glory is, to command. Young friends, turn with disgust from a military life; it leads to much that is bad. It may ruin you. You cannot live on glory — you cannot feast on pride. Stick to some honest employment, and leave the military honors to

those whose low ambition will not prompt them to pursuits more honorable and useful. Then you may look forward to a life of usefulness, and, if followers of Him, who sought no earthly honors, to a death of triumph and an immortality of unfading glory.



**THE DEAD SISTER.**

Mary and Elizabeth were sisters. From their earliest infancy, they were taught their duty to God and their fellow-beings. And they were knit to one another with unprecedented ardor and affection. At early dawn would they arise, and nimbly skip over the verdant fields, to cull the redolent flowers. — They were almost always together, and shared each other's sorrows as well as joys. — Their father died when they were infants, and the formation of their characters devolved on a pious, exemplary mother, who was well versed in the Scriptures of God, and never suffered an opportunity to pass away, wherein some counsel or advice could be gently poured into her children's minds. She taught them as one who expected, ere long, to give account of her stewardship before the eter-



nal Judge. And as the reward of her Christian labors, she beheld her daughters, exhibiting all that was pleasing and lovely in religion, and of being beloved by all who knew them. They were taught not to spurn the poor, and the invalid, nor imitate the deformed. And oftentimes was the parent's heart made glad, by the melting, fervent prayers of her dear children. Never were they known to retire to rest at night, nor arise in the morning, without first lifting up to Heaven their juvenile orisons. This truly was a happy family — and of so many youthful readers of this story, how many Mary's and Elizabeth's can be found? How many who never have quarreled with one another, and who, like these children, are rejoicing in praising their Redeemer?

Mary had arrived to her tenth year, when suddenly she was taken ill. But she was not alarmed at her danger, as were many of her

friends. Elizabeth saw the crimson fade from her sister's cheek, but she little thought that her sickness was unto death. Nearly every hour as she watched beside the painful couch, would she ask in child-like simplicity, 'How does sister do?' A heavenly smile was all that she received in answer.

'Mother,' said Elizabeth, after her sister was pronounced irrecoverable, 'do you think it is true, that Mary will die? Is n't it painful to die?'

'Ah! my dear child,' said the submissive mother, 'I fear your sister must die—but do not weep so—it can't be avoided—it is the will of God, and he will take her to heaven: there she will be better off—removed from all the pains of this wicked world. But if we are Christians, we shall meet her again. Yes! when we die, if we are like our penitent Mary, we shall meet her never more to be parted by death.'

‘But mother,’ said little Elizabeth, wiping the big tears from her eyes, ‘I do not want to part with her; who will then pray with me — and read with me in the Bible — and who will go into the fields with me, and to school — and who will feel for me, when I am in pain or am sick? oh! it is hard to part with one I love so much!’

‘My child! have I not often told you that whatever God does, is right? It is his will and pleasure to take from you and me, the one we dearly love — and he is able to support us under this affliction. We must pray more, and live nearer the Lord, and he will heal our bleeding hearts.’

‘O, Ma! I won’t more complain if my Mary dies, although it is so very hard to keep from it; — I will try to serve God more, and then I shall meet her above!’

Elizabeth looked again at her sister, and spoke to her — but she heard her not; ‘Mary!’

she said, 'do speak once more to Elizabeth your sister, before you die—oh! do speak once more!'—but she understood not—she was too far gone to articulate her sweet voice, and Elizabeth retired.

That night the accomplished Mary's spirit took its eternal flight; and when Elizabeth went to kiss her marble cheek, she found it quite cold, and then she knew her sister was dead—for her mother had often told her, when she and Mary were seated around, receiving her instructions, that they would all be cold in death. Ah! who can describe the feelings of Elizabeth as she touched the icy cheeks of her once cheerful sister? Reader, hast thou ever lost one as dear to thee as life—one whom thou wouldest be willing to follow through the dark vestibule of the tomb? If thou hast, then thine own feelings were Elizabeth's. But when she thought of the grave—where her sister must soon be laid,

Elizabeth was so overcome, that she could not withhold the flow of tears, which chased along her lovely cheeks. Elizabeth ran to her mother, and told her Mary was dead.

‘Weep not then my child,’ said she, ‘the Lord you serve has done perfectly right, and we should not repine. Dry your eyes, and to-morrow when we follow Mary to the grave yard, remember that soon we ourselves, shall be carried thither, and our spirits be like her’s in the kingdom of heaven.’

‘I do not want to cry, Ma ; but you know how one feels, on losing such a friend as Mary, and one so dear — I can hardly help it. But who shall take her place in reading to you? — And when I learn my hymns, who will hear me say them before I go to the Sabbath school? O, how I shall miss her — I shall never, never forget her.’

‘My dear child, God will see that you need nothing — he is a friend, more kind than a sis-

ter — only put your whole trust in him, and you will never want.'

'I will try to, mother — try to, give God my whole heart. And I will always love you,' Elizabeth said, throwing her snow white arms around her mother's neck, while she closely pressed her to her bosom.

To-morrow arrived — and after Elizabeth had taken her last look of Mary, she was carried to the grave, followed by a numerous train of youth, who had come to pay their last sad farewell to the one whom they tenderly loved, and whose virtues they well knew how to prize. Thus was blooming innocence early snatched from this dreary world ; but though her loss was lamented, it was eternal gain to her. It seems as if the spirits of some were too pure to be long inhabitants of this sinful world, and that a wise God takes them to himself, ere the fascinating charms of the deceiver are spread to their view.

The procession returned. Elizabeth's buoyant heart was heavy. Thick darkness had gathered around it. She looked about, but her sister was not there, to cheer her with a smile



— her seat was unoccupied, and her Sabbath school book lay unopened upon the shelf. — But Elizabeth gave not up to sorrow — she ran to her chamber, and there in all a cherub's loveliness, she lisped her prayers to God — and she

found comfort in so doing. Yet she could not forget her sister — often would she visit her grave, and sit beneath the overshadowing elm in silence, as if her soul were in communion with Mary's sainted spirit.

It is now many years since Mary died : Elizabeth and her mother lived in peace with the world, and doing the will of their Maker, till Elizabeth was of an age suitable to become the wife of a clergyman, soon after which her mother died — and her death was truly happy. Elizabeth lived a long life, if measured by good deeds, and retained that same unblemished, irreproachable character, which marked her childhood days. See how happy and contented she looks. She is undoubtedly pointing her offspring to their Redeemer, and inviting them to remember him in their youth. She was a friend to the poor, a consolation to the afflicted, and when she entered the dark valley, her loss was bewailed by





hundreds — and her memory stills lives in the hearts of many, who by her faithful admonitions and instructions, are now walking in that narrow way, which leadeth to the mansions of everlasting bliss.



## THE MOTHER.

Little Charles Greene used to be my companion in childhood. He was quite a rogueish boy when he was young, but afterwards he became a useful associate. He had a very good mother, who died when he was about a dozen years old — some account of whom he gave me long after she slumbered in the dust, which I will try to relate for the benefit of my youthful friends.

When I was a little boy about seven years old, I thought I knew enough to go where I fancied, without consulting my parents; and often did I stray with other children many miles from home, and then return as muddy and as tired as you ever saw a little boy. Nor would this be all, — for I would be ill-humored; and fret, and stamp, and cry and bellow, as if I was the only person in creation who ought to have attracted

notice. But my good mother — too good I fear — like many other mothers that I could name —



would always try to pacify me, by telling me of a piece of cake which she had put away against my return, or she would promise to make some candy for me on the morrow—and I hardly know what she would not promise to do for me, if I would wipe my eyes and cry no more. Then instantly I became good — made no more noise, until the cake or pie, or candy, or whatever sweetmeat I had, was all gone ; and then again I would

begin to storm, much louder than before ; and if my mother had any more cake or pie, or a large lump of sugar, she would launch it forth in an instant to keep me from hurting myself by screaming. Nor would I be easy until I had eaten sufficient, or my father returned from his work; for I very well knew that he would not allow me in such a caper. Instantly he would have corrected me — for now I see that I well deserved a smart whipping. And when the time was nearly arrived for my father to return, and I had eaten quite enough, I would run to my mother, and with all the artlessness of a child, coax her not to mention my conduct to him, and seeing my pretended contrition, my mother promised she would not, and sealed the promise with a kiss. This was my plan to get every thing I loved. I knew more than my mother was aware of — but no more than every child of seven or eight — and she like every indulgent parent,

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would lavish upon me her richest dainties. But now since I have grown to manhood, I see how wicked it was to tease and plague so good a mother. Now since she has long slept beneath the cold valley, my heart feels big with sorrow while reflecting on the anxiety and pain I caused this best earthly friend.

But she forgave me all before she died. When racked with consummate pain, in her last illness, she called me to her bed-side. I was then twelve years old. 'My dear son,' she said, 'I am about to leave you — perhaps forever — but my earnest prayer to God is, that it may not be an eternal separation. If you will now give your heart to the Savior, love him, do his will, become his true and faithful disciple, O, then our separation will be short, very short indeed. But if you continue as you are; feel no love for Christ — no sorrow for sin — our separation *must* be eternal. My dear, dear son, will you not now at-

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tend to the dying words of your mother? I love you — I have always loved you, even when you have been most disobedient, and it has been my daily prayer to Heaven that you might in youth be brought to the fold of Christ. But you still remain careless of your soul, and careless of your everlasting welfare. With my dying breath I pray you to reflect often after I am gone, on what I have said. Shun evil company and vicious youths — shun those who would allure your soul into perdition — shun all those books which have a tendency to turn your thoughts from the Almighty — and shun, O shun every thing that has a tendency to lead your thoughts to the groveling pursuits of time, which are highly offensive in the sight of God. Then my son, you will possess the same joy that fills my heart, when you are on the confines of the eternal world, and the blessed Savior will welcome you into his rest, where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest.'

Years have not blotted from my remembrance the resigned and happy countenance of my dying mother. And the impression that I received at that time, will go with me to the grave. I grieve — I only grieve that I should ever cause her sorrow.

Little readers, be good to your parents—obey them in all things. Never cry for what they do not choose to give you, but daily pray with them, and in secret pray for them — then if you should live to become old, it will be joyous to reflect that you exerted your little endeavor to make your parents happy, and smooth their rugged path of life.





**THE FLOWERS.**

Helen was a very good child. Her mother early taught her to be obedient, and so Helen always loved to obey her mother. She had a sweet temper ; was ever mild and cheerful, and every body who saw her conduct, was pleased with little Helen. A good lady one day gave her a flower pot of beautiful flowers, which Helen placed in the window, and took particular

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care every day to keep them as nice and elegant as when she first saw them. She spared no pains to make them flourish and look green. She watered them every morning. But one day on looking at her pot, she saw the flowers began to decay. This made her feel unhappy ; for she did not know that the frost had killed them. And one by one the leaves fell off, so that in a little while nothing remained but the stalk. But when Helen's mother saw how grieved her little daughter was, she spoke to her of that great Being, who gives beauty to the trees and the fields in spring, and clothes all the hills with verdure, and then causes them to decay in the autumn of the year. She told her that her flowers would appear again in a few months, and look as beautiful as ever. She also told her that one day her body, now so active and full of life, would fade and die, as did her pretty flowers. She told her that she had a spirit within that would never

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die ; and if she would become good and obey her great Creator, her soul would go to heaven where decay and death are never known. Little Helen said she would try to love that Being, who had always been good to her ; that she might follow her dear mother in the way to heaven.

I hope every child who reads this story, will remember that she must one day die ; that her rosy cheeks will be pale, and her nimble limbs be cold and stiff, and her body will be laid in the dark grave. Remember this, and so live, that when your heavenly Father shall call you away from time, you may ascend to those mansions above, which the Savior has prepared for all those who worship him in sincerity and truth.

## RICH AND POOR.

‘Hallo! there goes Bill Watkins with his meal bag!’ exclaimed proud little Edward;—  
‘and what have you there, Billy?’

‘Rags, Edward! mother picked them up to-day for me to sell, to get money enough to buy a writing book.’

Sell rags to buy a writing book! I would n’t do it!’

‘But, Edward, my mother is poor and is not able to buy me one; and if I were not to sell these rags, I should have no book to write in this afternoon.’

‘Then *I* would n’t write. I should be ashamed every day or two to lug down a bundle of rags.’

‘I do not go every day or two, Edward; you know I do not; but if I did I should not be

ashamed of it. Poverty is no crime. I might have been born of wealthy parents, and had every thing I could wish for, but our Maker designed it otherwise.'

So saying, William continued his errand, while Edward ran laughing along.

Edward was a very dilitory scholar; although he had been privileged with the best of schooling, he made little or no progress in his studies.



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On the contrary, William improved his few advantages, and though no older than Edward, was much his superior in knowledge. He could read correctly and write a fair hand. He was beloved for his sweetness of temper and pleasant disposition. His mother being poor, he was often obliged to leave his school to assist her in obtaining a livelihood. At the age of 13 or 14 his mother put him to a good trade. William being used to industry, took well to his business, and secured the confidence and the love of his master. When he became a man, he removed to a newly settled but flourishing village, where he engaged in business for himself. He prospered. Not only in his secular concerns did he prosper, but he became a devout and happy Christian. He began to exert a good influence upon those with whom he associated, as he entered the village; and his example and instructions were often the means of leading

others to practice a more moral, if not a religious life. In his own family he was a 'shining light.' Never did he set before his household



any other example than that which the gospel requires of all those who profess to obey its requirements.

Many years had elapsed since William left his native town, and he daily saw the village

flourish in which he resided. He had not heard from his youthful associate, the rich man's son, for many a year. One day, as William was contemplating taking a journey, he called at a stable to procure a horse. While the hostler



was getting the animal ready, something perplexed him which caused him to utter a dreadful oath. William looked at him with astonishment; for he could never bear to hear Jeho-



vah's name taken upon thoughtless lips. His countenance was familiar — his eye caught the hostler's — it was Edward — he who many years before was possessed of a wealthy father. 'Can it be possible?' thought William. But he could not be mistaken. After the horse was ready, William said to him, 'Do you not remember the poor little boy with whom you used sometimes to play; who was often obliged to sell rags, to get some money to buy his school books with?'

'I do,' said Edward with a sigh; 'and I wish that I had possessed half his nobleness of mind; if I had I should never have been in this disagreeable situation. I would give all I possess to see him again.'

'That person is in this village — he is now talking to you. — I am the one who used to sell the rags.'

Edward was amazed; he could hardly speak.

When a little recovered from his astonishment, he expressed his sorrow in tears, that he had so sadly misimproved his youth, and was now almost penniless. William poured into his soul the balm of consolation, and invited him to that Redeemer whom he had found to be so precious. When they parted, Edward promised to forsake his evil practices, and live a virtuous and useful life, and consented to a request that he would often call on William at his house.





## THE IDLE BOY.

John was always idle. He despised his book and would never study it unless he was compelled to. He would rather roam about the fields and wander in the country than attend to his lessons. Once he was stung very badly by attempting to rob a bee-hive — at another time

he came near drowning by taking a boat without leave, and sailing in the bay. He was always in mischief. His parents were careless respecting him, and instead of compelling him to obey their commands, they endeavored to coax him into a compliance. On this account John could have his own way. And every body knows when a child can do this, he is likely to be ruined for this world. He would not stay at home in the evening, but associate with those characters who were equally as vicious as himself. Thus John went on from bad to worse, till his name became quite popular in the village. All good people shunned him; for whenever they reproved him, he would treat them so unkindly that it seemed like casting pearls before swine. When he was about sixteen years old he broke into a gentleman's store, and took a small quantity of money. He was detected and lodged in jail. Now John began to see his error. He re-

gretted what he had done. But all his sorrow was of no avail. He was confined a number of months — and when liberated, he felt so ashamed of his conduct, that he took passage to a distant State, where he was not heard of for many years.

Children, see the bad effects of idleness, and



resolve in the strength of Heaven, that you will be studious and diligent. Never waste a mo-

ment in idleness, for you all remember the consequence.

‘ For satan finds some mischief still  
For idle hands to do.’

If you will be industrious, you will grow up useful and respected — if idle, you will become nuisances to society — stumbling blocks in the way of others. Remember this, and never, never, never idle away a single moment.





JAMES WEST.

‘I don’t care,’ are words that are often used by the young ; quite too often, I fear. But I really hope I am not writing to any such.

James West was a plump faced, rosy cheeked, active little boy, when I used to see him run across our garden, chasing after butterflies and grasshoppers. But I always noticed that he



ran over my beds of sallad and peppergrass, when there were large paths at the end of each. One day I told him to be more careful in future, for, said I, you spoil the sallad and peppergrass whenever you tread upon it. 'I do n't care if I do,' said little James, running from me as fast as he could. If that boy is suffered to have his own way, while so young, thought I, not caring for the mischief he does, he will make an unhappy man, or he may come to an early grave. After this, I fenced my garden in such a manner, that he could not very well get into it: James knew it too, and he afterwards called me hard names for it. I really pitied him for his folly and thoughtlessness, and sought frequent opportunities to tell him of his wickedness, and the end to which it would lead him. 'I do n't care!' was all he would say, and then he would run away to laugh at my friendly advice.

Fifteen years have gone by and where is James



West? One, two, and three grave stones I count as I enter the burying ground, and it leads me to his—a little white one. Shall I read the inscription?

To the memory of  
JAMES WEST,  
Who suddenly died, May, 7, 18 —,  
Aged 12 years.



## ELLEN.

‘Handsome is that handsome does,’ says the proverb. But ah! how prone the young are to forget it. They do not strive to be always usefully employed — but are content to stand before the glass and examine their new hats, new bonnets, new jackets, and new frocks. Many do not realise that beauty, true and permanent beauty, which Dr. Watts calls, ‘inward adorning,’ exists only in the mind; but endeavor to show their exterior dress, as if it were the sole object for which they live. A pretty face looks well — but a good mind appears better. The former will be defaced in time, and at last crumble into dust, while the latter will grow more and more beautiful in time, and continue undefaced through eternal ages. Now, reader, which would you rather possess? Who is so unwise



She endeavors to be busy in some useful employment.

as to prefer outward accomplishments to inward adornings? I hope you have all been taught to trust in nothing, but that which will secure to yourselves permanent happiness. Improve your minds, and you will find more benefits arising therefrom, than if you possessed unrivalled beauty, and were destitute of a good education and a well disciplined mind.

Ellen is a little girl, very good and kind, but very plain. This she does not mind, but endeavors always to be busy in some useful employment. See her in the picture. How cheerful, and smiling, and contented she looks. She sweeps her mother's floor, takes her patch-work or knitting-work, and is diligently employed, till her mother requests her to take some other work, or till it is time to get tea. Every body loves little Ellen, she is so kind. Even dumb creatures find protection at her side. Now, how much more happy she is, than that hand-

some little girl, who is always fretting, and speaking cross to every one. No doubt Ellen will grow up a very useful woman, and be the means of doing much good in the world. Who will not imitate her? Little girl will not you? Little boy will not you?



## THE SAILOR BOY.

Dick was the son of a poor woman who was a widow. Although destitute of many of the necessities of life, she was careful not to repine at her lot, and always expressed her thanks to her heavenly Father for his tender care. She taught her only son the precepts of Christianity, while he was quite a child, and endeavored to impress on his mind a sense of the evil of sin. She taught him that God was displeased with those who were not careful to obey his word—who delighted in sin—and that he was always ready to hear prayer, although the words were the broken language of an infant. Dick loved his mother, and whenever he saw her sorrowful, he would ask—‘What ails you, mamma? Are you sick? Can I help you?’ But when she told him that her anxiety for his

future welfare was so great as to cause her often to shed tears, he would say, 'Do n't let this trouble you ! I will always be a good boy ; and if I live to become a man, dear mother, you shall want for nothing. I would rather work very hard to see you contented and happy.' Just so kind was young Dick to his only parent. But when he was little more than a dozen years old, he expressed an urgent desire to follow the sea, much to the regret of his mother, who thought she could never give her consent. Dick told her of the slim prospect before him if he continued on shore, 'but if I go to sea,' said he, 'I shall be able to lay up something for your support, and when I return there shall be nothing which you desire, that I will not get.'

The poor woman finally gave her consent. But her parting with an only child was an affecting scene. 'My child,' said she, 'you are now going from the restraints and the precepts



of your mother — you are going among strangers — among those whose interest in your welfare will be measured only by the advantage they can derive from your company; thy will not value your soul. Perhaps the crew of the vessel, on board of which you have shipped, are intemperate and profane; but dear boy, don't forget your mother's instructions; don't neglect the Bible in your chest; consult its pages daily; and morning and evening kneel in prayer to your Maker, as you have been accustomed to do. And I shall pray for you, my son. Remember every day there is one far off, whose prayers are offered for your safety; for your precious soul. If tempted to commit a wrong action, let the thought of your mother's prayers prevent you from yielding. If in foreign lands you are solicited to enter into bad company, remember the instructions of child-



hood, and turn away with the determination to do nothing which your mother — which your God will not approve. My son, I leave you in the hands of a gracious Being, who I trust will preserve you in health, and shield you from temptation and sin, and return you again to the humble roof, where you have so often been taught your duty to God and man. My son, good bye; God be with you.'

Young Dick, with tears in his eyes left that spot which was dearer to him than any other on earth; he left it with feelings that cannot be described. As he passed to the vessel, he resolved in his own mind, that he would obey all the injunctions of his pious parent, whom he loved most tenderly and affectionately. Dick was soon sailing over the boisterous deep. For a few days he was taken with that sickness so common to those who for the first time go any distance on the water. But this was soon over,



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and he was as cheerful as the rest of the crew. He had not associated long with the sailors, before he heard them repeat horrid oaths, such as his ear had never been accustomed to before. He gently reproved them, and he was heartily laughed at by the thoughtless men. He remembered them to his God as he had been taught. And before they arrived at their destined port, he had the satisfaction of knowing that his gentle reproofs had been the means of doing little good among the sailors. After cruising about for something more than a twelve month, Dick was rejoiced to hear that the vessel would return. He thought how glad his poor mother would be to see him again, and receive from his hands \$100, the fruits of his labors. He was happy all the time. In a few weeks the vessel anchored in the harbor, and the little sailor boy was so anxious to see his poor mother, that he took a boat and start-

ed for the shore alone. See how eager he appears to be to get to the land. With a light



heart he bounded up to his mother's cottage; but her joy in once more seeing her beloved son was too great too be expressed. Tears flowed from her eyes. Dick soon informed her of his success — and promised to place her in a

comfortable situation. In a few days Dick's mother was pleasantly situated in a neat house,



which he had engaged with the intention of paying the rent as often as he returned from sea. Dick went a great many voyages, and generally prospered. He has now grown up and commands as beautiful a vessel as ever crossed the Atlantic. His mother wants for nothing — and she has often been heard to say — ‘The prayers for my son have been answered. God has been good to me, and to the latest period of my life I will praise him.’

Will not all children learn that obedience to

parents, will ensure them prosperity and happiness in after life, and bring the gray hairs of their parents with joy and satisfaction to the grave?



## END OF DISOBEDIENCE.

‘ You always have your own way, Tom,’ said Henry Talbot to an associate, who had been persuading him not to go with a school fellow on a little excursion.

‘ I will never go with you unless you will do as I want you to, Henry.’

So Henry went as Tom requested him. But Tom was a bad boy; he had been indulged by his parents, and never hesitated to say ‘ I will,’ or ‘ I wont,’ when they spoke to him. His young companions loved him but little; they associated with him chiefly on account of his fearless disposition. For, whenever they undertook that which they knew to be wrong and were fearful of being detected, he would always contrive to get them clear of blame. Tom always went the foremost in every bad undertaking; and he received the most whippings at school. But



these had but little effect upon him ; for no sooner was he punished, than he was found guilty of some other misdemeanor that deserved another correction. He would never hesitate to tell a falsehood when the truth would be likely to benefit him the more. Every body looked upon this youth as a prodigy in sin and wickedness — and he was often blamed for crimes of which he was not guilty, on account of his erring disposition. As Tom grew older he became more hardened in sin, and committed greater offences. He was at variance with a near neighbor, and to shew his revenge, on a dark night he entered his yard and tore down a small fence, besides damaging a number of beautiful trees. It was soon whispered about the neighborhood that Tom had been guilty of this mischief, and that the constable would soon be ready to take him to the house of correction. This Tom could not endure ; and before the family were aware of it,



he had taken a bundle of clothes and was marching away. When he was a few miles from town, he changed his dress, put on an old hat, tied an apron round his waist, and hurried along,



as if he were a man of business, and hastening to his work. When night came on, Tom ascended a tree and slept in the branches. Early the next day he pursued his journey, living upon the fruits he gathered by the way. Thus the run-a-way contrived to travel until he reached a distant town, where he intended to seek for

employment. He made a number of inquiries, but his looks were suspicious, and his services were declined. At last an honest tailor was induced to take the boy on trial. Tom now resolved that he would become a good and steady boy — which resolution he kept for nearly a year; and had gained the confidence of his master, when he associated with boys of bad character, who enticed him away. Tom yielded to their wishes, and greatly displeased his employer by the course he took. He was often told of the bad tendency of associating with the vicious, and entreated to leave them; but no, he would not be persuaded, and his master dismissed him. Tom had now a fine suit of clothes which his master had given him, which he put on, and commenced another journey.

He was now about eighteen years old, tall and genteel in his appearance. He took a cane in his hand, and thought he would pass as a

gentleman, and get into a counting room in the next town. He now arrived there, but no one



would give him a situation. What to do he hardly knew; and now regretted that he ever left the parental roof. Sometimes he was on the point of returning, but his proud feelings overcame his better purpose, and he resolved to push his way through life, and get a being but way he could. He thought of the sea, and came to the determination to be a sailor, if there was

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no prospect on the land for him. After loitering about a few days, Tom shipped on board a vessel, which was to sail for a foreign port, when the wind and weather should permit. Very soon Tom was sailing over the stormy ocean; but it was a new trial to him. He was totally unacquainted with a seaman's life; he was sick, and hardly knew what to do. No kind hand was near to administer to his wants, and no words of love were addressed to him. At the expiration of a few days, however, he was enabled to do his duty before the mast.

Tom was a favorite among the crew, because he was always ready to join in their jokes and laughter, and was willing himself to tell a good story for their entertainment. But the wind was fair and Tom soon arrived to his destined port. Here he had as much as he could do to visit the different places of amusement, while the vessel was fitting for her homeward bound voyage. —

Again Tom was on the sea, where the winds blew freshly and fairly, and every thing was favorable for a short and safe passage. After being out a few days, they were surprised to see the blowing up of a vessel at a distance. They were not near enough to distinguish what kind of a vessel it was, or to what part of the world she belonged. She sunk soon after the explosion. This was a grand sight for Tom, and he thought of but little else for a few days. Soon after he arrived at a port in his own country, but a few miles from his native town. Now, thought Tom, I 'll go home and see my parents, and my early companions, and it pleased him to think of the surprise his altered appearance would give them. He entered his native town, which he had left about four years before. — During that period he had not heard from his parents or friends. Tom directed his steps to his father's house ; but as he entered the door



he was surprised to see a strange face. He inquired for his father — and what was the answer? O, how it astonished the erring boy! ‘He has been dead these five months. He survived his wife only about a year.’

‘Father and mother both dead?’ exclaimed Tom.

‘They are; but do tell me, are you their son Tom, from whom they have not heard a word these many years? They thought you were dead; and your conduct hastened the death of your parents. Their property was willed to benevolent societies.’

Tom could not speak. He went from the house but found no peace. He followed the seas — was unhappy ever after; and was at last drowned in a gail of wind.

Thus ended the life of one, who if he had taken a right course in life, might have made a useful and happy man — a blessing to his pa-



rents and the world. Let every child be careful how he spends his youthful days. Be always on your guard lest you enter into sin. Obey your parents, and never neglect to do as they command you, and instead of sorrow, joy will mark your path; you will be beloved and respected by all who know you, and when you die, your death will be lamented, and your virtues cherished in fond remembrance.







**SMILES TURN AWAY ANGER.**

‘What are you doing to that boy, Jack Hinds?’

‘Giving him a hiding!’

‘Let him alone this minute, or I will make you wish you had.’

‘What is it to you? I should like to know!’

‘It’s a good deal! do you suppose I’m going to have my brother flogged by you?’

‘He had no business to call me names, then.’

‘I did n’t call you any names.’

‘You did!—and I’ll pay you for it yet. There’s more chances than one to kill a cat, I tell you, Job Harris!’

‘Haw! haw! you’re a big boody, and who cares for you, I do n’t.’

‘Come away from John, and I’ll see if you do n’t care for me; but never mind, you’ll get

it yet ;' so saying, he took to his heels, and was soon out of sight.

Now whose conduct are we here to condemn, and whose justify ? I shall condemn the conduct of each. Job Harris it appears was the instigator of the quarrel, by giving Jacob Hinds a nickname, and Jack was about satisfying his anger by repeating blows on the head of Job. But his brother John sees the squabble, interferes, and takes Jacob off, but instead of threatening him, he should have settled the difficulty in an amicable manner, which was quite easy to do. But instead of that he suffered Job to call Jack names; while he was casting his threats upon him. Who will say they were not all to blame ? John Harris, and Job, and Jacob Hinds ?

About a week elapsed, during which Job kept pretty shy of Jack, when on Saturday afternoon, he went down to the Back Fields, with the intention of digging and roasting clams ; and who

should he meet but Jack. He was in his presence, and could not escape. But Job possesses a little cunning, and he shows it sometimes; he ran up to Jack, crying out as if he thought nothing of the difficulty — ‘Jacob, Jacob!’ said he, ‘let us go and dig some clams, and have a roast this afternoon; what say you?’

Now, Jack loved roasted clams as well as any body, and he being rather slow at digging, knew Job to be pretty expert in the business — and thinking he had forgotten all about their former difficulties, and it would be much to his advantage, he at once cries out, ‘Agreed! agreed!’

‘Well, I will go and find a place where they are thickest,’ said Job, ‘while you prepare the fire.’

‘When I get a good place to roast them, I’ll come out and help you dig,’ said Jack, looking about the bank for a suitable spot, where he could kindle the fire.

Soon was Jack able to assist Job in procuring the clams, and in a short time they had sufficient for a mess. They brought them to the fire, roasted them, and sat upon the stones to eat them. When they were about half through, Job looked up into Jack's face with a smiling countenance, which made him also smile.

‘Recollect, Jack,’ said he, ‘how angry we were with each other last week, and you promised me a flogging.’

‘O yes, I know I was mad then, and was determined to have some revenge the next time I caught you alone ; but then, Job, you appeared so smiling to-day, as if you thought nothing about it, that I thought it would look foolish for me to be angry while you were pleased, so I dropped my intention altogether. Now, if you had shunned me, and looked cross and revengeful, I should have struck you. But I am glad, Job, we settled it so well.’

‘And so am I; and if we should ever feel inclined to get angry, let us think of the clam scrape, and I ’ll warrant you, neither of us will put on brass enough to wish to quarrel, or to take revenge.’

‘So I say; let this be a check against all angry passions, and see how long we can continue peaceable, without calling names, or any such thing. And let us have it for a saying, if we see any of our associates fall out with each other — Smiles turn away anger.’

Hand in hand, Jacob Hinds and Job Harris walked up to town, as good and as sociable as could be.

It is twelve months since they made up, and from that day to this they have not spoken a cross word to each other.

If, reader, you are angry with a young friend, see if you cannot wear a smile upon your face the next time you see him; and forget that you

are offended with him, and not let it be said that you would not forgive a slight injury, or a harsh word, as did two uneducated boys who never read a book in their lives. Will you try?





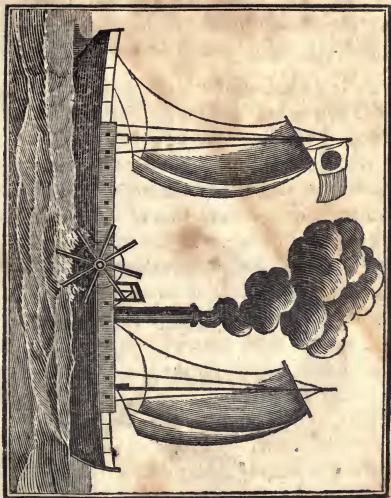


## ALBERT.

Albert was the child of many prayers. His pious parents would often wrestle with Jacob's God, that the blessing of Heaven might descend upon him. And in due time it came. Their son was early brought to raise his infant voice to God, and his parents had the unspeakable happiness of seeing him enter manhood, with a Being, chosen in his youth, to guide and direct his steps. In early life he chose a bosom companion, as a helpmate to the skies. They were blessed with but few and happy days; and when all appeared to go well with them, Albert was snatched from time to eternity. While he perceived that death was near, he welcomed his approach, and urged his beloved wife not to mourn at his departure, but to put her whole trust in the Lord. His end truly was peace.

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Now had this youth delighted in the fleeting pleasures of time, think you he could have rejoiced in death, and triumphed over the grave? Think you that eternal realities would have burst upon his visionary soul, if he had followed after the gay pursuits of life? Heaven was his hope — God his Father — the angels his companions, and he feared not to enter the ‘valley of the shadow of death.’ Then, youthful friends, give the morning of your days to the Lord, and you shall die in peace. You may in an unexpected hour, be suddenly called from earth, and if unprepared, oh! where could your immortal spirits find a resting place? Not in heaven — none enter that sacred place but the holy in heart; — your abode would be fixed where the enjoyment of heaven could never be yours, but deep despair, eternal pains, and the gnawings of a guilty conscience must be your endless portion.



## MARY.

Mary is the eldest of a large family of children. But she knows her Maker put her in this world for the purpose of being useful; so she rises early in the morning, makes a fire, sweeps the house, and gets breakfast ready. When this is over, she instructs the younger children and knits or sews until it is time to get dinner. In the afternoon she is always employed. She loves to work; and she saves her mother a great deal of labor and anxiety. At night she sees that the children are all safely in bed, and does every thing that she conceives to be her duty, and then retires for the night. O, how sweet must be her sleep!

Reader, are you as useful as Mary? Do you help your mother as much as she? or are you lazy, and fretful, and uneasy? Away with such feelings — for they destroy the best part of your being. Be employed all the time, and you will be as cheerful and happy as little Mary.













